

# The Massillon Independent.

VOL. XXIV--NO. 30.

MASSILLON, OHIO, JANUARY 14, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 1,225.

Don't Stop at the Half-way House

BUT GO TO

**Spangler & Wade**

Headquarters for the latest styles in Hats and Caps

**The KNOX Silk and Derby, and DUNLAP'S Block**

Always on hand. The latest novelties in Neckwear. Mufflers of all shades and qualities. We are also headquarters for

**Holiday Presents.**

A full line of Gold-Headed Silk Umbrellas for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Seal skin caps and seal skin gloves—Ladies and children's

kid mitts. Gentlemen's Jersey coats and jackets.

Gentlemen's kid mitts and fur gloves.

**SPANGLER & WADE,**

204 East Main Street, Massillon, Ohio.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### ATTORNEYS.

**R.** W. McCAGHHEY, Attorney at Law, office over Diebien's Arcade Store, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

**C**OLE & REINHOLD, Attorneys at Law and Notaries Public, office over Marks Bros. store, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

**W**ILLISON & GARRETT, Attorneys-at-Law, Rooms Nos. 11 and 11½ Opera Block.

**R**OBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public, Office second floor Tremont Block, No. 10 South Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

### BANKS.

**U**NION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon, Ohio. Jos. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

**F**IRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. \$150,000 Capital, S. Hunt, President, C. Steese, Cashier.

**G**ERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block, Dealers in promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States.

P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

### CIGAR MANUFACTURERS.

**P**ETER SAILER, manufacturer and wholesale Cigar dealer. Factory corner Erie and Tremont streets.

**P**HIL. BILBURN-SCHIN, wholesale and retailing in Cigars. Factory & store room No. 59 West Main street.

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**W**. H. MC CALL & CO, Druggists. Prescription work a specialty. Dealers in stationery, blank books and school supplies. A full line of druggist's supplies.

**Z**. T. BALTZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines, and chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House, Massillon, Ohio.

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**H**UMBERGER & SON, dealers in general Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, etc. No. 8 East Main street.

### PHYSICIANS:

**H.** E. GARRIGUS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office hours, 8:30 to 10:30 A. M.

2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

5 P. M. to 9 P. M.

Office in H. Beatty's block, formerly occupied by Dr. Barrick. Near corner of Main and Erie streets.

**H.** C. ROYER, M. D., Surgeon, Office Hours: 7 A. M. to 10:30 A. M.

12 M. to 2 P. M.

5 P. M. to 7 P. M.

Office and Residence 100 E. Main St., Massillon, Ohio.

**D**R. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Practitioner, Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office hours, 8 to 8 a. m., 1 to 8 and 7 to 9 p. m. Office open day and night.

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**J**OSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc. No. 5 South Erie street.

**C**. F. VON KANEL, West Side Jeweler, No. 5 West Main street.

### HARDWARE.

**S**. A. CONRAD & CO, Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc. Main street.

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**M**ASSILLON CONTRACTING AND BUILDING CO., manufacturers of Doors Sash Blinds, Mouldings, etc.

**H**ESS, SNYDER & CO, manufacturers of Novelty Products, Stoves, Engines, Mill and Manufacturing Machinery. Works on South Erie street.

**R**USSELL & CO, manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Tracting Engines, Horse Powers, Saw Mills, &c.

**M**ASSILLON WOOLING MILL, Joseph Coons & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith iron.

**M**ASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufacturers Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, &c.

**M**ASSILLON IRON BRIDGE COMPANY, Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and general Iron Structures.

### CROSERIES.

**D**ATWATER & SON, established in 1832, forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of County Produce. Warehouses in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

**A**LBRIGHT & CO, Cash Grocery and Provision Dealer, Queenware, etc. No. 25 East Main street. Goods delivered free of charge.

### TINNERS.

**H**ENRY F. OEHLER, dealer in Stoves, Tinware, House Furnishing Goods, etc. No. 14 West Main street.

### REAL ESTATE.

**P**. G. ALBRIGHT, dealer in all kinds of Real Estate. Office in German Deposit Bank.

### MUSIC.

**P**ROF. C. F. BALFOUR, teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music. Address box 322, Massillon Residence, corner of Akron and Main streets.

**PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.**

**CHICAGO, Jan. 11.**—The following crop summary will appear in this week's edition of the Farmer's Review, in this city: Reports from correspondents show that fields of winter wheat in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri are very generally well protected with snow. In Ashland, Dickinson, Lincoln, Neosho, and Sedgewick counties, in Kansas, the fields are reported bare and the ground dry, with the crop looking poorly. There is a free movement of corn to the market reported in Illinois and Nebraska. The market is very little

prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime, Alum or Phosphates. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, etc., flavor deliciously.

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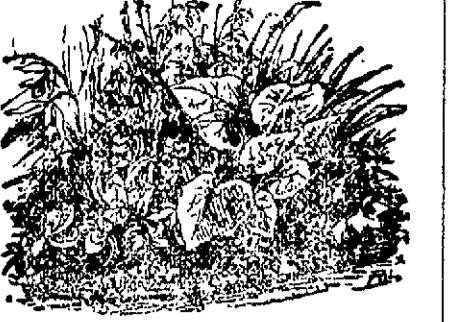
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**CHICAGO, Jan.**



## NEW THINGS IN FLOWERS.

New York Teaching London and Paris Improved Floral Ideas.



BREAKFAST DESIGN.

I want to write a word about flowers. The newspapers are so full of accounts of divorces and boudoir Aldermen and politicos that somehow the pretty things in life that lie close at hand get overlooked. And yet it seems as if these things that enter so closely into our daily life ought to get a line now and then. Away back in the primeval forests, when Minnehaha's Indian lover came to tell her that story that has always been the sweetest thing that a maiden ever hears, he brought a blossom from the woods with him. Somehow, in his vague, savage way, he felt that the perfume of its petals could say more to the girlish heart than words of his. And for centuries before it was so and in centuries yet to come it will always be the same.

## AGRICULTURAL

Warming the drinking water for milk cows pays in winter.

Pounded oyster shells or ground bone are among the best materials for furnishing lime to fowls.

In training young horses much time in the heavy work of a farm may be saved by the cultivation of a good walking gait.

The flour output of the Minneapolis mills for the week ending November 3 was 157,170 barrels, an average of 26,211 barrels daily.

The buckwheat crop of the United States amounts to eleven million bushels, two-thirds of which is raised in Pennsylvania and New York.

It is not the largest hog that pays the best, but the one that makes the largest quantity of pork in the shortest time and on the smallest quantity of food.

Experiments at the Maine agricultural station have demonstrated that about eight per cent. more of the organic matter of ground corn is digested than of the whole grain.

Governor McEnery, of Louisiana, has issued a call for an Interstate Convention in the interest of stock-raising, dairying, fruit-growing, and general agriculture, to be held at Lake Charles, La., on the 22d, 23d and 24th of February, 1887.

Prof. Roberts, speaking of the great efficiency of modern labor-saving machinery says: "The boy of to-day, with his sulky plow and self-binder can rob the soil of more plant food in a year than his grandfather could in all his lifetime, though his muscular grandfather might have carried off with ease two such boys, one under each arm." — *Chicago Tribune*.

A curious effect of electricity upon plants is chronicled by a Western paper: The rays from a lamp tower in Davenport, Ia., illuminate a garden about a hundred feet distant. Last summer the owner observed that lilies which usually bloomed only in daytime opened in the night, and that morning glories enclosed their blossoms as soon as the electric light fell on them.

The New Orleans *Picayune* has the following to say of the condition of the farmers of the South: "The South can have no healthy prosperity until the farmers prosper. This is an agricultural country, but in time it should become great manufacturing country. The war and whisky broke up multitudes of planters and farmers in the South. But the present stumbling blocks in the farmers road to prosperity are poor lands, selling cotton seed at six dollars a ton, purchasing Western corn and meat, a ruinous credit system, and the whisky traffic. These are the causes why Southern farmers are poor and find it difficult to pay their store accounts. We could make a great many more friends, and avoid making some enemies by rose-colored descriptions and flattery than we can do by writing the naked truth. But the South cannot be saved by flattery, and confectionery and rose-writer. Southern agriculture is sick, and needs a physician to diagnose the disease and tell the honest truth about it."

There are two cardinal principles in relation to mixed feed; first, that mixed feeds are better than plain; second, that all the elements of the mixture should be fed each day, instead of one element for one day or one week, and another for another day or week. Thus, for instance, the experiments at Rothamstead, England, showed that eight pounds of peas, or six pounds of oil-cake meal, would make a pound of live weight, while of peas and oil-cake mixed four and one-half pounds would suffice. It is an element of mixed feed that roots attain their greatest value. Thus, in a great majority of cases, it will be found that a sheep receiving three pounds of bright wheat straw and six pounds of turnips per day will increase as much in weight, or keep in as good condition as another with the best timothy hay, while the former will cost less. It has been ascertained that to keep a sheep in good, thriving condition, at least fifteen pounds of perfectly dry feed, of good quality, is required per week for each one hundred pounds of live weight. But since hay and grain, in their ordinary condition, contain fourteen per cent. of water, from eighteen to twenty pounds a week will be necessary, or about three pounds per day. To facilitate digestion and pre-

vent constipation, it would be well if an equivalent of this amount of nutrition could be expanded in bulk, so as to weigh seven or eight pounds. The chief point of excellence claimed for roots is that they supply the amount of water which all animals need on dry feed in a moderate and gradual way. If cut or pulped and mixed with bran, oats or millet feed, they furnish a soft, semi-liquid mass which does not irritate the stomach, and does not overload it or dilute its solvent juices as a copious draught of cold water taken all at once is apt to do. There is force in this argument. Sheep ought to be compelled as much as possible to eat their food dry, as the saliva thereby secreted and mingled with it is of far more efficacy in assisting the stomach in digestion than any juice of roots or any moisture could be. Still, it is undoubtedly injurious to the sheep to be obliged to drink at one time all the water it requires in twenty-four hours, especially if it is ice-cold. Roots are not so necessary for Merinos as they are for the mutton breeds. They are principally useful for ewes when giving milk, and for a short time before they begin. Sugar beets, mangels, rutabagas, and turnips are valuable in the order in which they are here given. — *American Agriculturist*.

## MR. COLE ON THE LADIES.

## The Speech Delivered at a Jackson Day Banquet at Orrville.

After complimenting Col. Follett for the eloquent tribute paid the Democratic party, and calling the time upon the honorable gentleman by nominating him for governor next year, which met with the hearty approval of the audience. Mr. Cole in response to the toast

## THE DEMOCRATIC LADIES

said: "I am called upon to perform a very pleasant task, and that is to spread before you the real feast of the evening. I am to toast the ladies. How do you like your toast buttered, milk or dry?

You will see by the programme I am expected to pay my respects to the Democratic ladies only. I have the misfortune, politically, to be yoked to a Republican lady, so you see I must pay some attention to the minority. I hope,

therefore, with a little ingenuity to embrace both—in my speech, I mean. Col.

Follett has spoken very eloquently of the traditions of the fathers. I therefore

think this an opportune time to speak to you of the traditions of the mothers.

And allow me to premise by saying that

the future success and glory of Democracy depends largely upon the Democratic ladies. I am sorry to admit that

the Democratic ladies of to-day are not what their grandmothers were.

In the days of Andrew Jackson when

a stalwart young Democrat proposed to

a belle of that period, there were no ar-

rangements made to spend the honey-

moon at Long Branch or a wedding tour

to Europe, but they just stepped over to

Squire Jones and had the knot tied. And the young bridegroom, with an ax and an ox goad, marched into the wilder-

ness, followed by his bride with a flax

brake under one arm and a cradle under

the other, and they together made the

wilderness to blossom like the rose, and

the waste places to seem glad. And as

regularly as John cradled his wheat, the

good wife filled the cradle in the chim-

ney corner. And for beauty, courage

and endurance, the good dames of that

period were not excelled in any age of

the world's history. If you will indulge

me a few moments more, I will try to

describe the personal appearance of

the good dame as she stood in front of

the log palace, where she reigned as

queen, calling John Henry, Junior, to re-

ceive his first lesson in Jeffersonian

Democracy. She poised upon a pair of

feet that would make a Chicago girl turn

green with envy. And when she laid

John Henry, Jr., across her knee, and

with a hand the size of a Cincinnati

ham proceeded in the most scientific

manner to instill into the boy's youthful

anatomy the traditions of the fathers,

his shouts of liberty made the goggled-

eyes goddess of Democracy grin like a

darkie over his first meal of pone and

possum. What would this world be

without the presence of the ladies to

aid and encourage us.

Even our own Grover fell into the

right groove when he took a partner into

the White House. I hope he may be able

to resist the aggression of power, but I

am afraid, poor fellow, he is only vice

president now.

Let us speak seriously a moment; do

we not find every avenue now open to

woman, and see how grandly she occupies

every department she assumes to fill. And I am proud to inform you

that your heathen sister has caught up

your example. Only a short time ago I

read an account of a Chinese woman ap-

plying for a position as teacher in one of

the schools in this country, and when

interrogated as to her qualifications in

nocently informed the board that "she

could snatches small boy bald-headed,

alike same Mellican gal."

I am pleased to inform the young men

here to-night, that when he marries the

boss girl, you may depend that she will

still be boss after the wedding, unless

you move four thousand miles away

from your mother-in-law; and still you

may not be hannted. There is only one

absolutely safe plan to pursue, and that

is to marry an orphan. It is a beautiful

story told by Plutarch in his life of Co-

riolanus, who, after being banished from

Rome, joined the Volscians and returned with a large army and laid siege to that classic city. The Romans realizing that total annihilation would follow if the hordes of barbarians entered the city, sent ambassadors to treat for peace; they totally failed, and after all expedients had been resorted to without success the Roman senate sent his aged mother to him to appeal for her country's deliverance. She entered his camp, and throwing herself at his feet appealed to him for the love he bore her to forego his vengeance. He raised her up, exclaiming, "You have gained a victory

over me, but you have ruined me."

The next day he withdrew his army from the city, and as he had anticipated he was put to death

for treason to his adopted country.

The Roman senate, in memory of the great deliverance, erected a temple and shrine, dedicated to the "Fortune of woman."

Buy of your home merchants, and give the preference to those who are enterprising enough to advertise their goods.

## Drunkenness, or Liquor Habit, can be Cured by administering Dr. Hains' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence Golden Specific Co., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A New York clergyman exhorted his congregation to "vote as you pray," and later on he advised them to pray often.

## Dr. Flagg's Family Ointment

Never fails to soothe and heal cuts, burns, blisters, blisters, scalds, rashes, chapped lips or hands, frost bites, cold sores, sore nipples, and all diseases and eruptions of the skin.

Dr. Flagg's Family Ointment will remove all from your face, leaving the skin soft, and beautiful. No family will be without it after testing marvelous soothing and healing properties. Sold by druggists for 25 cents or mafied on receipt of price by the manufacturer.

William's Mfg. Co., Cleveland, O.

Ar. Wheeling by Street Car from Bridgeport.

## C. L. &amp; W. Railway.

Condensed Time Table of Passenger Trains.

In effect Nov. 14, 1886, until further notice.

New Standard—90 Meridian time which is 23 minutes slower than Columbus time.

## GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.	Accom.
Lorraine	6 55AM	3 45PM	4 00PM	
Sheffield	7 05*	3 55*	4 10	
Elyria	7 15	4 05	4 30	
Patterson	7 26*	4 15*	4 45	
Grafton	7 10	4 30	5 15	
Cleveland	6 45	4 00	3 00PM	
Gratton	8 00	5 05	5 15	
Belden	8 08	5 13	5 35	
Elmira	8 18	5 21	5 50	
York	8 20	5 29	6 00	
Medina	8 33	5 35	6 00	
Chippewa Lake	8 42*	6 16*	6 35	
Wauseon	8 53	6 38	7 10	
Sterling	9 00	6 02	8 00	
Easton	9 15	6 16	8 40	
Warwick	9 20	6 20	9 25	

## Massillon Independent.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1863.]

ROBERT F. SKINNER, SAMUEL B. WEIRICH.  
PUBLISHED BYSKINNER & WEIRICH,  
Opera House Block,  
MASSILLON, OHIO.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year, \$1.50  
Six Months, \$1.00  
Three Months, 50¢

Contributions on subjects of general and local interest are solicited and the use of the columns of this paper to agitate proper matters is urged. Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1887.

St. Jackson was not so enthusiastically lauded as usual this year by the Democracy.

Massillon does not appear to go crazy over intellectual exhibitions like wrestling matches.

News thieves and plagiarists are the most numerous of any class, living by means of some one else's work.

John Roach is dead. And the memory of John Roach dead will live when men like Whitney are forgotten, except as a disturbing and disagreeable element in the world.

In several places where natural gas is used, the companies have willingly lighted certain streets or buildings for the right of way. Should gas be found in this city the Council might well act upon this hint. Rights of way are easily granted, and they cannot be taken back, so they ought to be always well considered.

Massillon's importance as a wheat market, always great, is steadily growing. The erection of a large new mill will do much to improve it. A mill, in itself, is an addition to a city's industries of no little importance, and it is the means of bringing in a large country trade, the extent of which cannot well be underestimated.

In his paper, *The Standard*, the first issue of which has just appeared, Henry George devotes one entire page to the discussion of the McGlynn matter, and closes it by saying: "American workingmen might as well make up their minds that in their fight for the enfranchisement of labor they must meet the opposition of the Catholic hierarchy."

The recent accident near Tiffin has made common the discussion of heating railroad cars with safety to their occupants. There is a good deal of wholesale abuse showered upon railroad companies in general for using stoves, and yet, out of thousands of inventions, no satisfactory substitute has ever been devised, though a fortune awaits the man who does it.

In the news column will be found interviews with many of the leading business men of Massillon, for the most part being forecasts of 1887. Locally considered, their words are very pleasing, showing that this community is comparatively upon a much higher plane of prosperity than the average Ohio town. But gratifying as it is to hear of the new enterprises so well under way, it is still more so to note the undercurrent, not of local, but of national commercial health, which makes these Massillon projects possible. Everything indicates that this is to be a good year, not for speculators, but for all men actively engaged in satisfying the demand and the supply.

The value of that frequent American production, the petition, is aptly illustrated by the story of one recently circulated in Massillon. It bore upon a subject of importance, and was started by a gentleman fully conversant with the matter. Then it was sent the rounds of the business men, and it is almost needless to say, was promptly signed and returned. One curious gentleman went to one of these petitioners, and remarking that his name was among the subscribers asked him what it was all about. For the life of him he could not tell. Still curious the inquirer pursued the matter, but found not one who had any idea of what he had done. This reminds one of the Albany man, who secured the endorsement of half the people of the town upon paper in which it was resolved to hang the leading clergyman of the city.

The certainty of the erection of another large and well equipped flour mill in Massillon is a matter for much congratulation in this city on many accounts. As an addition to the manufacturing interests it will be welcome, and the fact that it will be brought here, not to secure a bonus, but only on account of the advantages of the city, will tickle our vanity. But the real value of this acquisition comes from the knowledge that another great slice of Stark county's big wheat crop will find a market here, that more farmers will come here, get their money here and spend it here. Massillon is the natural and recognized market for this section of the State, and it is pleasant to notice that in addition to its being a market, it is also becoming a flour manufacturing center. In view of the importance of this growing local interest, the grocer who would sell a sack of foreign made flour for the sake of a few cents difference in price, ought to hang his head in shame, and reflect upon the fate of the man who cut off his nose to spite his face.

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Mr. John Silk, of the Massillon Paper Company, reports the outlook encouraging, and that while prices are too low there is a prospect of an advance. There are but two or three mills in the West in which light straw, or bakers' paper is manufactured. The Massillon mill run steadily night and day last year, and will do so this year. In 1886 twenty-five hundred tons of straw were used. The works are being enlarged and improved right along, and these gradual changes will continue. Forty odd workmen are employed.

Mr. H. A. Williams, of the Massillon Bridge Company, anticipates a splendid year if the price of iron is not run up to an unreasonable figure. His company has contracts which will keep them busy until the first of April. Bridge contracts are not often let before that time, and consequently the business for 1887 does not really commence until then.

They run steadily last year, except when unable to secure iron, and expect to run full time this year. The company anticipates building an eye bar plant this spring, heretofore having purchased eye bars ready made. It will be a big addition to the shops, and will give employment to twenty additional hands when run to its full capacity. There are now about seventy-five men on the pay rolls.

Mr. F. H. Killinger, of Killinger &amp; Co., stove manufacturers: "If iron is not boomed to such a figure as to demoralize the market, and there is danger of that, business in 1887 will be much better than that of 1886. We ran the latter seven months of last year, and expect to run steadily for twelve months this year. We employ twenty hands."

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Mr. James H. McLain, of the Rock Hill Coal Company, Massillon Brick Works, Canton Schuyler Electric Light Company, Massillon Tannery, and Tippecanoe Stone Company, sat in his cosy office and talked very cheerfully of the prospects for this year. At the Rock Hill mines a new side track will be built, so that four hundred tons of coal, instead of one hundred and fifty, as now, can be taken out daily. The Canton Electric Light plant is working very satisfactorily, and the business is growing.

At the Tippecanoe quarries, there is more to do than can be done. A new boiler, and another set of saws will soon be added. The trade in paving stone is particularly lively. Enough stone is already contracted for, for use in Massillon alone, to make fifteen hundred feet, or over a quarter of a mile of pavement.

The tannery will run about as it has been running.

The brick works have recently been greatly enlarged, two thousand feet of flagging alone having been used in the new kilns. Pressed brick will soon be manufactured. Contracts have already been made for seven hundred thousand brick.

One hundred and fifty thousand will be used in the new Pocock mill. Of course, more will be needed, but this is the first order.

C. L. McClain &amp; Co. want four hundred thousand for their new business block on Exchange street. Mr. McLain, himself, will use one hundred and twenty-five thousand in a two story business block, soon to be erected on the corner of Canal and Tremont street, where a blacksmith shop now stands.

There are other orders, which indicate that there will be a great deal of building.

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He feels confident of a good demand for all kinds of iron throughout the year 1887, at better prices than in 1886.

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## LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Sebastian Schreiner had his leg broken last week at the mines of the West Side Coal Company.

The degree staff of Sippo Lodge will work in the initiatory in their new hall on Monday evening.

Six saloons in Massillon have thus far concluded to retire from business on account of the Dow law.

Mrs. George Wolf, of New Berlin, this county gave birth to four children this week, all of whom have since died.

The new water pipes have been filled with water, and no leaks have been discovered. The formal test will soon take place.

Mr. David Reed being absent from the city, the result of his correspondence with natural gas drillers cannot be learned.

The residence of Mr. F. H. Snyder, the electric light station and the waterworks pumping station have been connected with the telephone exchange.

Mr. James B. Estep, who one time resided in the house now occupied by Mr. W. H. Justus, died in Columbus on Thursday last, at the age of seventy-one years.

The Canton *Democrat* says: The Battalion Band took a sleigh ride to Massillon Monday night, and were entertained by Mr. M. Ertle, the well known musician of that city.

Billy Davis has not been shot in Iowa, though there are rumors afloat that he has. Billy is alive and enjoying that state of health which seems to be the especial gift of such valuable citizens as himself.

The Episcopal dime society meeting will be held at the residence of Mrs. Peter Everhard, on the Plains, Friday night. Bob sleds with accommodations for all will leave the Episcopal rectory at half past six.

The meetings at the Christian Church continue with a good degree of interest. On Sunday the themes discussed will be as follows: Morning—"Good Works in Christianity." Evening—"Vantage Ground of the Believer."

On Saturday John Fritz, while crossing the Wheeling &amp; Lake Erie railroad track in a sled, near Zoar, was struck by a passenger train. He was severely injured about the head and face, and is being attended by Dr. Ridenour, of this city.

Prof. Guillet is about to organize a class in Elyria. It is rare that such small places as Elyria have an opportunity to secure the services of such talented men, and it will be strange if the people there do not embrace their present opportunity.

There will be Evangelistic meetings in the Presbyterian chapel this week and next at seven o'clock in the evening. All persons interested in their own salvation, or in the spiritual welfare of the city, are cordially invited to attend and assist in the good work.

The following officers were installed by Perry Lodge at their meeting last Thursday evening: Victor Burnett, C. C.; L. H. Strobel, V. C.; John Grossweiler, Prelate; Z. T. Baltzly, M. of E.; Henry Lantz, M. of E.; J. W. Cameron, M. at A.; J. R. Hunter, I. G. and T. Getz, O. G.

The Wooster *Republican* says: The price of Massillon coal in Wooster has advanced to \$3.40 per ton. The same coal sells for \$3.75 in Mansfield, and \$4 at Cleveland, Bellfontaine, &c. Wooster can still console herself as being one of the cheapest coal towns in the State.

On the third page will be found the remarks made by the Hon. L. C. Cole upon "the ladies" at Orrville's St. Jackson day banquet. It is upon such congenial subjects as these that Mr. Cole is seen at his best, and the readers of a Republican newspaper may read them with confidence.

Street Commissioner Louis Limbach is doing something he ought to have thought of sooner, and that is, notifying everybody to cease dumping ashes upon the streets. There is a city ordinance prohibiting this, and Mr. Limbach should have a credit mark for at last making an effort to enforce it.

Chief Consul Dunn and Secretary-treasurer Atwater, of the Ohio Division, L. A. W., attended the meeting of the board of officers in Mansfield on Wednesday. The Mansfield hosts treated their guests royally, and as the division will meet in Mansfield next summer its eight hundred members will have an opportunity to learn how unbound the hospitality of that town is.

Poor old Peter Hollender! Persecuted by his termagant wife, followed by the police, worried by debt, is it any wonder that he carried on long soiloquies with himself and drowned trouble in the flowing bowl? But "Peedy" will never soiloquize again, his wife will never beat him more. On Wednesday night the poor old man was called, and "Peedy Losenfight" sleeps with his fathers.

Tom Mellon and some Canton man, between whom there has been a grudge of long standing, had a quarrel on Jarvis street on Wednesday night, about midnight. In the heat of the argument, the Canton man drew a revolver and fired it twice. The butt end was then used upon Mellon with considerable effect. Mellon refuses to disclose the name of his assailant and no arrests have been made.

The Massillon City Coal Company are making an entrance to their coal in Goshen hill on the southwest side, and as soon as the weather will permit, will construct another bridge across the river at the mouth of Goshen Run, and run railroad track from the C. L. & W. Ry. up to the new mine. This will give them enlarged facilities for taking out coal, and doubtless result in building up a mining village in the valley the coming summer.—*New Philadelphia Advocate*.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Martin, two depraved people, who act as real estate agents for prostitutes, fell into the clutches of the law this week. At the present time they own four dwellings which are houses of ill fame. They were arrested for renting property for such purposes. He pleaded guilty, and the charge against the woman was withdrawn. He paid his fine of fifty dollars and promised to have all his tenants leave. Should they remain, the assistance of the police will again be asked and used.

## PERSONALITIES.

## The Matters that Agitate the Society World.

Miss Eva Shafer left yesterday for an extended visit with relatives in Detroit, Mich.

Mr. M. M. Southworth will leave the Hotel Conrad in February in order to prepare to take charge of the Charity School in April.

Prof. Peacock's dancing class, which meets every Wednesday, is progressing rapidly and his pupils take more interest in the work each week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Horner, of Clarksville, Pa., now on their wedding tour, spent the early part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Lieghley.

Mr. Reese Guello and Miss Rebecca Mitchell were married on Wednesday, the 12th inst., by Robert H. Folger, Justice of the Peace, at his office, No. 46 South Erie street in this city.

Invitations from Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Bucher are out for the marriage of their daughter, Anna Lauer, to Dr. Silas B. Post, Wednesday evening, January 19, at 8 o'clock, at the family residence, on the corner of Hill and Plum streets.

The spacious auditorium of the St. Clement's Catholic church was well filled on Thursday morning to witness the marriage of Mr. Jas. McCarty, of Massillon, to Miss Tillie Hing, of this place. The beautiful Catholic ceremony was performed by the pastor in charge, the Rev. F. Meierlich, after which the wedding party were driven to the home of the bride's parents, and feasted on a sumptuous dinner.—*Massillon Independent*.

## A SHORT SESSION.

## The City Council is Wise, and Confirms all the Mayor's Appointments for the Police Force.

All members of the City Council except Messrs. Huber and Volkmar were present Wednesday night.

Street Commissioner's reports for the weeks ending December 4, 11, 18 and 25, and for January 1 and 8, amounting to \$107.51, were referred.

The Mayor's quarterly report, showing the amount of fines collected to be \$25.00, and the amount of licenses from the opera house \$54.00, was accepted.

The Marshal's quarterly report, showing that forty-eight persons had been imprisoned, and that the cost of their subsistence was \$2.50, was also accepted.

The City Solicitor gave his decision as to the rights of the Council in tapping the Main street sewer, built by an assessment upon abutting property owners. He considered that the Council had a perfect right to connect it with other public sewers.

A petition of the City Solicitor praying for an increase of salary, was laid on the table.

An ordinance establishing a grade on Guy street was read the second time.

The Mayor announced the appointment of the present policemen, G. Maier, T. Hagan, M. Elsass, and J. Pepper, for another year, and without any discussion the appointments were confirmed.

## BILLS PAID.

E. G. Willison	5.75 00
J. Franz	125.00
J. R. White	78.75
A. Wending	29.00
T. Hagan	36.00
M. Elsass	39.00
J. Pepper	50.00
G. M. Richardson	45.00
C. Baatz	40.00
John Maddie's estate	50.00
Joseph Coleman	10.00
A. Wending, subsistence	32.50
Cook, Parke	12.50
J. W. Wright	4.05
John Wilson	2.50
W. Castlemore	12.12
L. Royer & Son	11.25
M. A. Brown & Son	25.57

Bills of L. Zellers and L. Limbach were accepted and will be paid April 1. Adjourned for two weeks.

## RAILROAD MATTERS.

The C. L. &amp; W. railroad company will build a substantial new freight depot on the site of the present old trap next spring.

There is a rumor afloat that an early day will see the extension of the Wheeling &amp; Lake Erie from its present eastern terminus to Wheeling.

Within thirty days all the advertising matter posted in the stations on all the Pennsylvania lines will be removed and destroyed. This action is in the line of reform. It is necessary for the sake of neatness. It is possible, because newspapers make the best known advertising medium.

## HE EXPLAINS HIS POSITION.

## One of the People Tells Why He Does Not Want to See a Library Established Now.

Mr. Editor:—As I anticipated when I penned my former article to your paper, it has waked up some correspondents, who rushed to the defence of the proposed library. As there are two of them both running in that old popular groove, I will address my reply to them jointly. Your first correspondent, after recovering from the terrible shock he has sustained, proceeds to tell your readers that he has the honor of being one of the common people, which is no doubt very important in connection with this question. I understand the term common people to embrace the whole community, and not a class or a part, as he labors to make us believe. After giving us to understand that the soil of Africa is fertile and that its people (I suppose he means the common people) are not troubled with public libraries or free public schools, he proceeds to discuss the question of education and arrives at the conclusion that even at this late day there are some who are unwilling to give their children schooling for fear of the bad effect it may have on them. Now let me say right here, while on the subject of education, that the thought that prompted my former article was that much more good would result from the money to be expended if applied to proper education of the rising generation. We have the Charity School founded by that noble woman Mrs. Rotch whose name I never hear mentioned without reverence, established to educate and train children in the habits of industry, fitting them for usefulness in afterlife. This noble institution is now, after near forty years, in a state of suspense for want of a small pittance of funds for its continuance. The twenty-five thousand dollars proposed to be raised for this public free library would endow that noble school to the extent of its full capacity for usefulness. No voice comes from the advocates of this library scheme in favor of raising twenty-five thousand dollars or any other sum to continue its usefulness, although some of its promoters are among the directory of that noble institution. I appeal to the common sense of every Massillonian whether the sum proposed for a library would not be far more usefully expended in putting that school on a healthy foundation than expending it for a free public library. It would not be necessary to admit, as your correspondent does, that the growth or radical improvement would be so meager that it would require microscopic observation to detect it. Your correspondent asks to be kindly informed at what period the usefulness of the library ceased, but he has saved me the trouble of answering, as he has answered the question himself. He says "But the printing press was invented." Yes the printing press was invented, and its fruits are just what I claimed in my former article, cheap publications of all kinds: not confined to "yellow covered stuff" or the publication of sensational news as your correspondent would have us believe.

Your correspondent, after expounding the meaning of the word science, for which we are greatly obliged, as we have no Webster on hand, in conclusion cites the excellency of our schools, the educational character of our work shops, etc., and closes by talking of serfs, vassals, and millionaires, which has little to do with the question at issue. As your correspondent seems to have some doubt as to my position on the subject of education I will set that matter at rest. I am in favor of the best system of education that can be devised by man; I am in favor of compulsory education, strictly enforced; I am in favor of free school books, furnished at public expense; I am in favor of raising twenty-five thousand dollars by the citizens of Massillon to put the Charity School on a healthy foundation, that we may derive the full benefits of its usefulness; I am in favor of establishing an industrial school where the various branches of mechanism are taught in connection with the common branches of education; I would raise the standard of education to the highest possible point; after this, if found necessary, establish a library, not before.

## THE SAME ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

## MASSILLON AMUSEMENTS.

Walter S. Sanford and company will appear in "Under the Lash," two nights next week.

Walter S. Baldwin and company will present standard dramas in this city the week of February 7.

It is rare indeed that this city has an opportunity to witness such operatic performances as will be given by the McCaull Opera Company on January 29.

As Prof. Willie has proved himself to be a thorough athlete, a good time may be expected next Saturday night, at the Walhonding rink, when Prof. Willie and Rollin Courtney, of this city, will wrestle in mixed styles.

The rapidity with which seats are being sold for the McCaull Opera Company's performance on January 29, is astonishing. The lower boxes and many of the most desirable seats have already been taken. The advertisement in another column states the dates upon which the diagram can be seen in surrounding towns and when the regular sale of tickets will begin.

It was a very small crowd which gathered to see Will Willie wrestle with Jack Keefe Tuesday night, at the Walhonding rink. Willie was to have thirty minutes in which to throw Keefe three times, Keefe to act only on the defensive. Willie threw Keefe twice in seventeen minutes, and then Keefe.

contrary to the general expectation, threw Willie in five minutes, winning the match. There is some talk of another match.

## DO NOT COAST ON NORTH STREET.

Massillon has been having ideal winter weather for a few weeks, and with her excellent streets, fast horses, and high hills, has managed to extract about as much fun out of it as any community. From time immemorial, North street, with all its dangers from cross streets and "bouncers", has presented great temptations to the youthful as a place to coast, and the accidents, serious or ridiculous, which every winter have happened, have only whetted the appetite of the coasters to slide there more. On Saturday last the half mile course was smoother than ever, and the crowd greater. Of course, there was the usual grit of accidents. One little boy had the calf of his leg torn from the bone, a sled load of girls ran into a coal wagon, resulting in bruised arms, legs and heads, and one dislocated shoulder. There were ten casualties of a serious nature on that day, enough, one would think, not to require the efforts of the police to keep it clear. There are so many hills in Massillon to choose from, which are both steep and safe, that North street ought to be abandoned.

## DEATH OF MRS. ALBRIGHT.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stahl Albright, the wife of Mr. P. G. Albright, died at their residence on East Tremont street, on Sunday last, at 11 o'clock, after an illness of several weeks. The funeral, which was attended by a very large number of friends, took place from St. John's Evangelical Church on Tuesday afternoon.

For several weeks the changes in Mrs. Albright's condition had been anxiously noted, and until about ten days ago her recovery was doubted. Then there seemed to be a change for the better, but it was only temporary, and the end came quickly. Death resulted from typhoid fever. Mr. and Mrs. Albright have lived together in Massillon for many years, and had surrounded themselves with many friends, who deeply regret her loss and feel great sympathy for the husband.

## A HOUSE OF HI-FAME.

"Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," as it is called, was raided last Monday night by the police, and Charles Wilson, the landlord, Mollie Callahan, and Mrs. Mandie Estelle and her little daughter were arrested. The place is next door to the "Red Front," and under the name of a variety theater or concert saloon attracts large crowds. The men pleaded guilty and was fined ten dollars and costs, the sum being fourteen dollars and sixty cents. The little girl was dismissed, as her mother stated that she was quietly living with her. The two other women paid costs amounting in each case to four dollars and sixty cents.

## LESSONS IN GERMAN.

Prof. S. Steinthal, for the last four years teacher of German in the public schools of Fremont, has come to this city to give lessons in German, either in classes or in families. Mr. Steinthal was one of the first, if not the first, to introduce the "natural method," the only common sense method to learn a living language. Ladies and gentlemen who wish to avail themselves of this opportunity, will please call at 145 E. Main street, (Col. Webb's) and learn the particulars.

## CATARRH.

Is a very prevalent and exceedingly disagreeable disease, liable, if neglected, to develop into serious consumption. Being a constitutional disease, it requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, effecting a radical and permanent cure of catarrh in its most severe forms. Made only by C. L. Hood &amp; Co., Lowell, Mass.

## COPPER.

FOR RENT.—The office now occupied by Dr. F. W. Hickey on South Erie street, for part of the year, is now occupied by G. L. Albrecht. Also, a good house on North street, now occupied by G. L. Albrecht.

## COPPER.

## SECURE GOOD SEATS NOW.

This is the Greatest Theatrical enterprise ever attempted in Massillon, and should be heartily supported.

## FOR RENT.

The undersigned has been duly appointed and assigned as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of Frank Kohl. All persons indebted to said assignee will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims duly authenticated, to the undersigned for payment.

JOHN G. GARRETT, Assignee.

January 1, 1887.

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## THE RED ACORN.

BY JOHN M'ELROY,

Author of "Andersonville," Etc.

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The name given this story is made glorious by the valor and achievements of the First division of the Fourteenth Army corps, the cognizance of which was a crimson acorn, worn on the breasts of its gallant soldiers and borne upon their battle flags.]

## CHAPTER XVII.

## PANCAKE ON A BED OF PAIN.

Going into the wards one morning, Rachel found that Lieutenant Joseph Pancake had been brought in suffering from what the surgeon pronounced to be "febrile symptoms of a mild type, from which he will no doubt recover in a few days, with rest, quiet and proper food."

It is possibly worth while to note the coincidence that these symptoms developed with unexpected suddenness in the midst of earnest preparations by the Army of the Cumberland, for a terrible grapple at Perryville with the Confederate army of the Tennessee.

Pancake recognized Rachel at once, much to her embarrassment, for her pride awoke at playing the role of nurse before an acquaintance, especially when that acquaintance was her father's hired man, whom she knew too well to esteem highly.

"O, Miss Rachel," he groaned, as she came to his cot in response to his earnest call, "I'm so glad to see you, for I'm the sickest man that ever came into this hospital. Nothing but the best of care'll carry me through, and I know you'll give it to me for the sake of old times," and Joseph's face expressed to his comrade the idea that there had been a time when his relations with her had been exceedingly tender.

Rachel's face flushed at the impudent assumption, but she overcame the temptation to make a snubbing answer, and replied quietly:

"No, Joseph, you are not so sick as you think you are," rebuked him Joseph, "I'm a comrade, a Joe's comrade." The surgeon said, "he continued, "that your symptoms are not at all bad, and that you'll be up again in a few days."

"So, then, doctors always talk that way. They're the blithes' heart of set! I've seen in all my born days. They're always pre-empting that they don't believe there is nothing the matter with a feller. I really believe they'd a little liefer a man'd die than not. They don't seem to care no sort of interest in saving the soldiers and the country needs so hardly."

Pancake's face flushed at the impudent assumption, but she overcame the temptation to make a snubbing answer, and replied quietly:

"No, Joseph, you are not so sick as you think you are," rebuked him Joseph, "I'm a comrade, a Joe's comrade." The surgeon said, "he continued, "that your symptoms are not at all bad, and that you'll be up again in a few days."

"First Ten Minutes.—"I speak that this may become rather unpleasant and bothersome, but it will not be for long, and it'll really do me much good."

Second Ten Minutes.—"I had no idea that blisters did just this way, but they never really hurt anybody but women and children—men laugh at them."

Third Ten Minutes.—"The thing seems to be hunting round for my tender spots, and poking pins into 'em. I begin to wish that it was all over with."

Fourth Ten Minutes.—"It begins to hurt real bad. I wonder if it ain't almost time to take it off?"

Fifth Ten Minutes.—"The very devil seems to be at the thing. It burns like as if a sheet of red hot iron was layin' there."

Sixth Ten Minutes.—"I surely believe that they've made a terrible mistake about that blister, and put in some awful thing that'll kill me if it ain't stopped. I'll swear it's not only all the skin off, but it's gone through my ribs, an' is gnawin' at my bones. Why don't the doctor come 'round an' see to it? Here, nurse, call the doctor, an' have this thing taken off."

Nurse.—"No, it's all right. The doctor left orders that it was not to be disturbed for some time yet. I'll see to it when the proper time comes. I'm watching the clock."

Seventh Ten Minutes.—"Great Jesu'stuff! this's just awful. That blasted stuff's cooked my innards to rags, an' I kin feel my backbone azzzlin'. Say, steward, do, for the Lord's sake, come here, an' take this thing off, while there's a little life left in me."

Steward.—"Can't do anything yet. You must get, and bear it a little while longer."

Eighth Ten Minutes.—"Holy smokes! I coulda suffer more if I was in the lake of burnin' brimstone. Every sin of me's jest fryin'." Say, steward, steward."

Steward anguished—I have told you several times that I couldn't do anything for you yet awhile. Now keep quiet."

"But, steward, can't you at least bring me a fork?"



"If least bring me a fork."

"Why, what do you want a fork for? What're you for yourself if I ain't cooked done that stuff."

A tear of laughter went up, in which even Dr. Denslow, who had just entered the ward, joined. He ordered the blister to be taken off and the sore surfaces properly dressed, which was done to the accompaniment of Joe's agonizing groans.

"I think Lieutenant Pancake will be content to go back to the field in a few days if we continue this vigorous treatment," Dr. Denslow said a little later, as he came into the reading room of the hospital, where he found Rachel sitting alone.

"Oh, doctor, how could you be so cruel? I'm sick in tons which were meant to be re-patched, but only poorly disguised her mirthful appreciation of the whole matter.

"I wasn't cruel; I only did my duty. The fellow's a palpable malingerer, and his being an officer makes it ever so much worse. He's trying to shirk duty and have a good time here in the hospital. It's my place to make the hospital so unpleasant for him that he will think the field preferable, and I'm going to do it, especially if I find him squeezing your hand again."

There was that in the tone of the last sentence which sobered her instantly. Womankind's prescience told her that the surgeon had discovered what seemed to him a fitting opportunity to say that which he bad long desired. Ever since she had been in the hospital he had exerted himself to smooth her path for her, and make her stay there endurable. There was not a day in which she was not indebted to him for some unobtrusive kindness, delicate and thoughtfully rendered.

While she knew quite well that these courtesies would have been as conscientiously extended to any other woman—young or old—in her position, yet her instincts did not allow her any doubt that there was about them a flavor personal to herself, and redolent of

something much warmer than mere kindness. A knowledge of this had at times tainted the pleasure she felt in accepting welcome little attentions from him. She dreaded what she knew was coming. He took her hand and started to speak with tremblings. But almost at the same instant the door flew open, and a nurse entered in breathless haste.

"O, doctor, please try to do something for me right off, before I get any worse," pleaded Joe, with the tears starting in his eyes.

Rachel took this opportunity to slip away to where she could laugh unobserved. The surgeon's facial muscles were well trained to feel any strain. He continued in the same tone of gentle consideration:

"I have already ordered the preparations of some remedies. The steward will be here in a few minutes with the barber, who will shave your head, that we may apply a couple of fly blisters behind your ears. They are also spreading a big mustard plaster in the dispensary for you, which will cover your whole breast and stomach. These, with a strong dose of castor oil, may bring you around so that you will be able to go back to duty in a short time."

"It's only the castor oil," muttered the doctor savagely, as he rose to follow the nurse.

This was the letter that the orderly handed Rachel some days later.

DEAR RACHEL.—Your letter came at last, for which I was so thankful, because I had waited so long for it that I was so tired and so anxious that I was almost at my wits' end. I am so glad that you are well, that you have got your room at last fixed up real nice and comfortable as a young lady should have, and that you find your duties more agreeable. It is nice in that Dr. Denslow to help you along as he does. But then that is what every real gentleman should do for a young lady—or old one, for that matter. Still, I would like to thank him so much.

I am not at all well; my heart gives me so much trouble now than ever before—and as you say nothing about coming home, I have often concluded to try what a change of climate and scene will do for me, and so have concluded to accept your Aunt Tadidah's invitation to spend a few months with her. Unless on your return to the country, which you will probably not, as the trials are so uncertain in Kentucky, you had better address your next letter to me at Pau Chaire."

But I am so sorry to say by your letter that you show no signs of weariness with your quixotic idea of saving the country in the hospital. I had hoped so much that you would by this time have decided that you had done enough, and come home and content yourself with doing what you could for the sanitary fair and the fun scraping tees."

Yours AFFECTIONATELY MORNING,

P. S.—Your father is well. He will go with me to Wisconsin, and then down to Nebraska to look after his land there.

P. S.—I am so sorry to tell you that Harry Glen has not been badly again. The last letters from the regiment say that he did not go into the fight at Wildcat, and afterward was missing. They believe he was captured, and some say he was taken prisoner on purpose. Everybody's saying, "I told you so," and Mrs. Glen has not been on the street or to church since the news came. I am so sorry for her, but then you know that she used to put on quite as many airs as her position justified.

P. S.—Hoof-ache's are getting smaller every month, and we are confident that they will go entirely out of fashion by next year. I do hope not. I would have to come back to the old way of wearing a whale-clothes basketful of white shirts. The new bonnets are just the awfulest things you ever did see. Write soon.

Rachel crumpled the letter in her hand with a quick, angry gesture, as if crushing some hateful, despicable thing, and her clear hazel eyes blazed.

"He is evidently a hopeless coward," she said to herself, "when all that has passed cannot spur him into an exhibition of proper spirit. If he had the love for me he professed it could not help stimulating him to some show of manhood. I will fling him out of my heart and my world as I would fling a rotten apple out of a basket."

Then a sadder and gentler light shone in her face.

"Perhaps I am myself to blame a little. I may not be a good source of inspiration to acts of heroism. Other girls may have vixens of stimulating their lovers to high deeds that I know not of. Possibly I applied the lash too severely, and instead of rousing him up I killed all the life in his heart, and made him indifferent to his future. Possibly, too, this story may not be true. The feeling in Sardis against him is strong, and they are hardly willing to do him justice. No doubt they misrepresent him in this, as they are apt to do in everything."

Her face hardened again.

"But it's all us seeking excuses for him. My lover—my husband—must be a man who can hold his own with other men, in whatever relation of life the struggle may be. The man into whose hands I intrust the happiness of my life must have his qualities so clear and distinct that there never will be any question about them. He must not need continual explanation and defense, for then outraged pride would strangle love with a rutless hand. No, I must never have reason to believe that my choice is inferior to other men in anything."

But notwithstanding this, she smoothed out the crumpled letter tenderly upon her knee, and read it over again, in the vain hope of finding that the words had less harshness than she had at first found in them.

"No," she said, after a weary study of the lines, "it's no worse than mother states it. She is so kind and gentle that she never fails to mitigate the harshness of anything that she hears about others, and she has told me this as mildly as the case will admit. I must give him up forever."

"I have nothing to forgive," she said frankly, much touched by his tender consideration.

"You never allow me an occasion for forgiveness, or to do anything in any way to offset the favors you continually heap upon me."

"Pay them all a thousand times over by giving me the least reason to hope."

"I only wish I could—I only wish I dared. But I fear to say anything now. I cannot trust myself."

"But you will at least say something that will give me the basis of a hope," he persisted.

"Not now—not now," she said, giving him her hand, which he seized and kissed fervently, and withdrew from the room.

She bolted the door and gave herself up to the most intense thought.

Assignment to duty with a firm settling of the lines around her mouth that spoke strongly of its probable fulfillment, the arrival of the decision was the signal for the assault of a thousand tender memories and dear recollections, all pleading trumpet tongued against the summary dismissal of the unworthy lover. All the infinitely sweet incidents of their love life stretched themselves out in a vista before her, and tempted her to reserve her decision. But she stayed her purpose with repeating to herself:

"It will save much misery hereafter to be firm now, and end a connection at once that must be the worse for both of us every day that it is allowed to continue."

There was a tap at the door, and Dr. Denslow entered.

The struggle had so shattered Rachel's self-control that she nervously grasped the letter and thrust it into her pocket, as if the mere sight of it would reveal to him the perturbation that was shaking her.

His quick eyes—quicker yet in whatever related to her—noticed her embarrassment.

"Excuse me," he said with that graceful tact which seemed the very fiber of his nature. "You are not in the mood to receive callers. I will go now, and look in again."

"No, no, stay. I am really glad to see you. It is nothing, I assure you."

She really wished very much to be alone with her grief, but she felt somehow that to shrink from a meeting would be an evasion of the path of duty she had marked out for her feet to tread. If she were going to eliminate all thoughts of her love and her lover from her life there was no better time to begin than now, while her resolution was fresh. She insisted upon the doctor remaining and he did so. Conscious that her embarrassment had been noticed, her self-possession did not return quickly enough to prevent her falling into the error of failing to ignore this, and she confusedly stumbled into an explanation:

"I have received a letter from home which contains news that disturbs me." This was as far as she had expected to go.

Dr. Denslow's face expressed a lively sympathy. "No one dead or seriously ill, I trust."

"No, not so bad as that," she answered lastly, in the first impulse of fear that she had unwarrantably excited his sympathy.

"Nor is it anything connected with property," she hastily added, as she saw the doctor looked inquiringly, but as though fearing that further questioning might be an indecent intrusion.

She picked nervously at the engagement

ring which Harry had placed upon her finger. It fitted closely and resisted her efforts at removal. She felt, when it was too late, that neither this nor its significance had escaped Dr. Denslow's eyes.

"A friend—an acquaintance of mine has disgraced himself," she said, with a very apparent effort.

An ordinary woman would have broken down in a tearful tempest, but as he was before she was denied that sweet relief which most women find in a readily responsive gush of tears. Her eyes became very dry and exceedingly hot. Her misery was evident.

The doctor took her hand with a movement of involuntary sympathy. "I am deeply hurt to see you grieve," he said, "and I wish that I might say something to alleviate your trouble. Is it anything that you can tell me about?"

"No, it is nothing of which I can say a word to any one," she answered. "It is a trouble that I can share with no one, and least of all with a stranger."

"Am I not more than a stranger to you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she said, and hastening to correct her former coldness, added: "You are a very dear, good friend, whom I value much more highly than I have given you reason to think."

His face brightened wonderfully, but he advanced his way slowly. "I am very glad that you esteem me what I have tried to show myself during our acquaintance."

"You have indeed shown yourself a very true friend. I could not ask for a better one."

"Then will you not trust me with a share of your sorrows, that I may help you bear them?"

"No, nor you cannot. Nobody can do anything in this case but myself."

"You do not know what love can accomplish when it sets itself to work with the ardor belonging to it."

"Love! O, do not speak to me of that," she said, suddenly awaking to the drift of his words, and striving to withdraw her hand.

"No, but I must speak of it," he said, with a vehemence entirely foreign to his usual half-mocking philosophy. "I must speak of it," he repeated, with deepening tones. "You surely can not be blind to the fact that I love you devotedly—absorbingly. Every day's intercourse must have shown you something of this, which you could not have mistaken. You must have seen this growing upon me continually, until now I have but few thoughts into which your image does not appear, to brighten and enhance them. Tell me now that hopes dearer—infinitely dearer—than any I have ever before cherished are to have this case in my power."

"I cannot—I cannot," she sighed.

"What can you not? Can't you care for me at least a little?"

"I do; I care for you ever so much. I am not only grateful for all that you have been to me and done for me, but I have a feeling that goes beyond mere gratitude. But to say that I return the love you profess for me—that I even entertain any feeling resembling it—I cannot, and certainly not at this time."

"But you certainly do not love anyone else!"

"Oh, I beg of you not to question me."

"I know I have no right to ask you such a question. I have no right to pry into any matter which you do not choose to reveal to me of your own free will and accord. But as all the mail of the hospital goes through my hands, I could not help noticing that in all the months that you have been here you have written to no man nor received a letter from one. Upon this I have built my hopes that you were heart-free."

"I cannot talk of this, nor of anything now."

I am so wrought up by many things that have happened—by my letter from home; by your unexpected declaration—that my poor brain is in a whirl, and I cannot think clearly and connectedly on any subject. Please do not press me any more now."

The torrent of his passion was stayed by this appeal to his forbearance. He essayed to calm down his impetuous eagerness for a decision of his fate and said penitently:

"I beg your pardon. I really forgot. I have so long sought an opportunity to speak to you upon this matter, and I have been so often balked at the last moment that when a seeming chance came I was

see—the Army of the Cumberland at Nashville, and the Confederate Army of the Tennessee at Murfreesboro, twenty-eight miles distant. There the two equally matched giants lay confronting each other, and suddenly making ready for the mighty struggle which was to decide the possession of a territory equaling a kingdom in extent.

In the year which had elapsed since the affair at Wildcat Harry Glen's regiment had not participated in a single general engagement. It had scouted and raided; it had reconnoitered and guarded; it had chased guerrillas through the winter's rain and mud for days and nights together; it had followed John Morgan's dashing troopers along limestone turnpikes that glowed like brick kilns under the July sun until three-fourths of the regiment had dropped by the roadside in sheer exhaustion; it had marched over the mountains to Cumberland Gap, and back over the mountains to Lexington; across Kentucky and Tennessee to Huntsville, Ala., back across those states to the Ohio river, and again back across Kentucky to Nashville, beside side marches as numerous as the branches on a tree; 50 per cent. of its number had fallen victims to sickness and hardship, and 10 per cent. more had been shot, here and there, a man or two at a time, on the picket or skirmish line, at forts or stockades guarding railroad bridges. But while other regiments which had suffered nothing like it had painted on their banners "Mill Springs," "Shiloh," and "Perryville," its colors had yet to receive their maiden inscription. This was the hard luck of many of the regiments in the left wing of Buell's army in 1862.

Kent Edwards, whose promotion to the rank of sergeant and reduction, for some escaped had been a usual monthly occurrence during the year, was fond of saying that the regiment was not sent to the field to gain martial glory, but to train as book agents to sell histories of the struggle, "When This Cruel War is Over." Whereupon Abe Bolton would improve the occasion to invoke a heated future for every person in authority, from the president down to the fifth corporal.

But for all this the 400 hardy boys who still remained to answer roll call out of the 1,100 that had crossed the Ohio river in September, 1861, were as fine a body of fighting men as ever followed a flag, and there was no better soldier among them than Harry Glen. Every day had been a growth to him, and every detail had knit his spirit into firmer texture. For awhile he had made it a matter of conscience to take an active part in everything that his comrades were called upon to do. Soon this became a matter of pleasure, for the satisfaction of successfully leading them through difficulties and dangers more than compensated for the effort. But while he had vindicated himself in their estimation, he had lacked that which the ordeal of a battle would give him at home, and more than all, in Rachel's eyes. He heard nothing from or of her, but he consulted himself with the hope that the same means by which she had been so promptly informed of his misstep would convey to her an intimation of how well he was deserving her. When he gained his laurels he would himself lay them at her feet. Until then he could only hope and strive, cherishing all the while the love for her that daily grew stronger in his heart.

(To be continued.)

#### The Laws of Heredity.

Carefully prepared, beautifully illustrated, and expensive books and periodicals are published in great number to teach the breeder how to turn to account the forces of heredity; but little or nothing is said or done to teach the world how to apply the same great forces to the elevation of humanity, physically, intellectually and morally. Many are the physical, mental and moral weaknesses and diseases resulting from or perpetuated by ignorance or disregard of the laws of hereditary influence. Is it greatly to the honor of this age that man studies more thoroughly the breeding and character of the animals—the purposes coupling than he does those of the persons whom the unguided fancy of his children lead them to wed? Breeders so manage their stock as to avoid reproducing defects, and to secure desirable "points." They assert that the skillful breeder can, in a few generations, develop almost any desired type of animal. Shall principles so long and successfully applied to the improvement of the lower animals remain unused for the development of their master? Shall not at least as much be done for the improvement of mankind by the study, development, and application of the laws of heredity to that purpose as has been done by their aid for the improvement of the beasts of the field? Is man less worth the effort than they?—E. W. Perry in The Current.

#### The Growler on a Steamer.

And the growler, he who was born growling, will die growling, and pass through the dim days of eternity still growling. The sharp pencil impaled him on its tip, and here he is! He expects his dinner to be served on Sevrey china on shipboard, because he eats off common delf at home. He expects it well cooked on the Duluth because his poor, tired wife serves beans and round steaks for him at home. He likes neither fish, flesh nor fowl here, but is content with tripe and onions at home. Ah, we know them afar off these growlers. The king away from his palace is not so hard to please as the peasant out of his kitchen.—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

#### A Gift to Science.

It is proposed to make the Lick Observatory truly a gift to science as well as to California by placing the great telescope at the disposal of the distinguished astronomers of the world during certain hours of each twenty-four, thus giving visiting specialists an opportunity of attacking the unsolved problem of astronomy with the most powerful optical aid to be obtained.—Arkansas Traveler.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure now on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Z. T. Baltzly, Agent.

#### DEBIT AND CREDIT.

There were no two ways about it; Cashier Butler must leave the bank temporarily for a long vacation, if he did not wish to leave it permanently for another world. Hard work and no play having wrought their inevitable effect, tired brain and fagged-out body imperatively called for rest. So he was to have a year's leave of absence, and on the first day of next quarter would begin doing what he had never done before in his life—nothing.

Who was to take his place? That question exercised the minds of all who were concerned, and of a good many who weren't, but particularly interested Nettie. Nettie was Mr. Butler's daughter, and as good and intelligent as she was pretty, which is saying a great deal—since everybody acknowledged her to be adorably pretty—but still no more than the truth. Brunette, with eyes like black diamonds, and cheeks like the golden brown side of a fall apple; with a mouth that you ardently wanted to kiss until you perceived from the decided cut of her lips that you had better not try; with a nose which began very demurely as the staidness of Grecians, and ended with an unexpected and enchanting little twist at the tip—in short a darling; such was Nettie. For two years she had been her father's assistant in the Baalbec First National bank—ever since she left school, in fact. From dropping in of old afternoons to lighten his work, when business was unusually pressing, she had come to spending her whole day with him; and when he was allowed a clerk, who more suitable than she? It was an excellent plan. Her father liked it, because he loved to have her with him, and knew her qualifications for the position; Nettie liked it, because she helped her father and rendered herself independent at the same time; and the bank officers liked it, because they paid her not quite half what a man would have received for the same work. Thus all parties were pleased.

A vast number of things she learned in the First National. To see her with her bright, pleasant face irradiated by a smile which lit up that temple of Plutus like a rise in the rate of interest, you would never have taken her for the shrewd little financier she really was. She acquired first the ability to separate her work from her sympathies, and put wainously likes and dislikes entirely out of the question. She knew that, from a harshness of view, Peter Coupon—thin, shallow, impolite, and "just horrid"—was, as he ought to be regarded by a cashier, a perfect Prince Charming, always to be given whatever he asked in the way of accommodation, while Charley Poor, as handsome as a picture, must be considered a veritable Beast, because Peter had collateral and Charley none. She learned that Smith might renew his notes till doomsday if he chose, being the seventh director's cousin, but that Jones was to be refused discounts under all circumstances, because he had voted against the president at town meeting. She was perfectly aware of the impending bankruptcy of Robinson, who was supposed absolutely safe, and had recently "donated" the fire company a sumptuous electro-plated trumpet. She was equally well informed as to the high probability that Brown, universally thought almost a pauper, would eventually make a neat thing out those western lands of his; and, most wonderful of all, she never lisped a single word of the interesting secrets.

This being the state of the case, it is not surprising, in the midst of the speculations about Mr. Butler's successor, when name after name was suggested and rejected, and it began to be apparent that obtaining a new competent cashier was not so easy as it might be, that the question should suddenly occur to Nettie, "why shouldn't it be I?" For a moment her breath was fairly taken away, but when it came back she immediately made active use of it in broaching the idea to her father, who, much to her surprise, took it so coolly that she began to suspect he had been thinking of it himself. However that may be, he saw President Parr that very day, and made a proposition to him. The president hummed and hawed and consulted the directors, who likewise hummed and hawed. They thought the scheme most novel and revolutionary, and yet they could bring up no argument against it, except that such a thing had never been heard of before.

"Time it was, then," said Mr. Butler, who, as an efficient officer and a stockholder besides, could say what he pleased. "But a lady bank cashier!" remonstrated a director.

"Why not, if she knows her business?"

Why not, indeed? There was certainly no reason.

"Then," went on Mr. Butler, "I can look in and advise her if she needs it—which she won't—and there are you gentlemen to supervise. Besides, if you don't take her, whom can you get?"

The officers felt the force of these arguments, and were still more influenced by motives of economy; and it all resulted in the choice of Miss Nettie P. Butler as acting cashier, at a salary that, even added to her father's half-pay, saved sundry dollars toward dividends; and in the employment of a bright (and cheap) youth as assistant. Then, the quarter being at an end, Mr. Butler turned his attention from finance to flowers, and began vigorously cultivating Bonstetts and "Jacks;" at the same time Nettie was solemnly inducted into office, and most solemnly given an infinite quantity of instruction regarding her duties (by the president, who didn't know half so much about them as she did), and on a memorable Monday morning took her place behind the shining black-walnut counter of the Baalbec First National.

Of course people wondered and criticised—they always do—but Nettie paid no attention to them and a great deal to business, in consequence of which she succeeded so admirably that the whole board of seven directors were unable to find a mistake in her footings, although for the first week or two they collectively and individually moused them over as if they suspected a defalcation. But they couldn't have for none had taken place, and it is notorious that directors never examine footings until the institution they direct has completely lost its own. So after a while the directors resumed their previous occupation of talking stocks or politics around the fire in the private room, and Nettie soon had complete control as over her father had. She showed herself worthy of it, too. She could solve the most mixed-up problems in partial payments, complicated with uneven periods of time, varying percentages, and all sorts of provoking allowances and drawbacks. She chased errors through tangled thickets of entries till they were run to earth and finally disposed of in some out-of-the-way corner of the great books; detected counterfeits like a financial Viaduct; and safely extricated

the president from a dreadful muddle with the treasury department, into which he had somehow blundered. Her relations with the rival bank near by were no less creditable; for that institution's city-imported young man, who had at first treated her with supercilious patronage, was utterly routed in a controversy about a missing check, and covered with the deepest humiliation. Altogether the new official appeared to be "the right woman in the right place."

Harmon Curtis thought so, at any rate.

Harmon was an old and very dear friend. He had been so ever since Nettie and he first met on the benches of the primary schools, where, aged respectively 5 and 7, they struggled together through the First Reader, and helped each other on knotty points of the "four rules." Afterward they had gone in company up the other grades into the high-school class in book-keeping, and mastered the intricacies of accounts side by side. Then Harmon, being very poor, entered a store, and being very ambitious, worked hard, forcing his way along from errand-boy to clerk, and from clerk to book-keeper, saving every cent he could the while, until he was able to go into the flour business for himself, though in a modest way, with fair hopes of success and fortune ahead—pretty far ahead, it seemed sometimes. Perhaps he had other hopes, to which success and fortune were but means; it is quite probable. Perhaps, too, Miss Butler might have made a shrewd guess as to what they were. Nothing was ever said about them, however; only Harmon had said nothing about it simply because to do so was perfectly needless, for no bank officer would or ought to lend \$1 to a man situated as Curtis was. His father's precepts and example had indelibly impressed upon her mind the necessity of unwavering fidelity to the bank's interests and that those interests were to be preferred to every other, personal or friendly. She knew what she must do; but, oh! it was very hard.

"You can't then," asked Harmon, righting in a gesture of hesitation.

Nettie joined him full in the face for the first time.

"No, I can't," she said, "I can't."

Harmon under went without needing a word of explanation. "You are right," said he, "but I'm afraid it would be an unwise investment now." He went out, saying no more. Back again in his counting-room, he writhed under a feeling of humiliation such as he had never known before in all his manly, self-respecting life. Now the deed was done, he was obliged to confess that this last desperate attempt to save himself savored of meanness, for he perceived that deep down in his heart he had calculated to some extent upon this girl's friendship to obtain what no one would have given him on purely business grounds. And, too, he suddenly realized that, even if she had been weak enough to yield, he could not have taken advantage of a favor which would inevitably have seriously injured her with her employers.

"It has been a narrow escape for her," he thought; "but for me the mischief is done. Only for this I could go down with a clear conscience."

Yet he could not feel as kindly toward Nettie as before, such is the inconsistency of human nature in general, and the unreasonableness of lovers in particular. Placed between regard for him and duty to others, she had preferred the latter; and while he acknowledged the justice of this, and indeed for worlds would have had her do no differently, still he felt an illogical jealousy of that duty, and could not help dimly associating her in his mind with the combination of hostile forces arrayed against him. Perhaps our hero is not especially heroic, but he is very manlike.

Meanwhile how fares it with the cashier? Not well, I am afraid; else why should she, after Harmon had departed, go to the great vault, open the safe, and remain with her pretty head inside that grim repository for several minutes, apparently much occupied in arranging its contents? No doubt the contents required this attention, however, since divers packages of railroad bonds were afterward found curiously marked with tiny blotches indicating the presence of moisture in the safe. For the second time during her cashiership the cash account wouldn't balance, and nothing seemed to go smoothly. It was the same the rest of the week, and the change in our young lady was so manifest that even the president asked her if she was not "slightly indisposed."

But one morning—the morning of the fatal day—she came down to business the old Nettie again—and more. Whatever might be the cause, she fairly beamed and sparkled with joy. Her black eyes danced, her cheeks were perfect blushes, and altogether she looked so bewitching that the seventh director (who was a bachelor) felt his dried-up old heart disturbed by a passing regret that he should be 58 years old, and bald into the bargain. How could Nettie be happy on this morning of all others, when lying among the papers on her table was a slip of paper which must be presented to a certain person before 3 o'clock that day? Her behavior was positively inexplicable. Nor was it made any plainer when, after writing a few lines, and doing something to one of the great ledgers (she gave one short sign while thus employed), Nettie put on her hat, took the slip of paper, and cheerfully tripped out to present it—in other words, to ruin Harmon Curtis.

Harmon was sitting quietly at his desk about that same time, waiting for what he knew would speedily come. There would be a difference of \$461 between his liabilities and his resources—not much, but enough for all practical purposes. In a few hours he would have failed. All the fruits of hard-working, economizing years behind him were naught—all his efforts had been useless. He must begin the world again with the remembrance of failure ever hanging over him. Once again? For what? Before he could retrieve his fortunes, if he ever could, the reward for which he toiled would be no longer for him. If he had never previously ventured to tell what lay in his heart, he certainly could not do it now. No, it made no difference what became of him—there was nothing to live for. In short, he had reached that stage of mental suffering where misfortune loses its power to pain, and it was with considerable real calmness that he cried, "Come in," hearing the knock he awaited. It was time for the bank messenger.

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studied carelessness of address, constantly betrayed by some involuntary exposure of uneasiness; the pitiful transparent fictions imposing upon no one, and uncomfortably known by their author not to do so—all these are marks by which this particular species of borrower is readily recognized, accompanied as they are by a hundred trifling peculiarities of bearing and expression. When Nettie saw Harmon she gave a little gasp, and turned slightly pale.

"Good morning, Nettie," said he, walking up to the counter and leaning upon it in a way that would have been unconcerned had it not been for the nervous drumming of his fingers upon the wood. "Beautiful day, isn't it? I dropped in to see whether you are rolling in wealth to such an extent that you don't know what to do with it."

"Well, not exactly," she answered, hardly looking up.

"And you can't give me, say, five hundred for a month or two, can you?"

Poor little girl! She knew that this was about the amount of next week's deficit—that if he could meet that drain and tide over the temporary depression in prices, he might be able to sell interest on an advance, or at least for enough to save himself. Time was what he needed, and this five hundred would give him time. But, on the other hand, she was bound by her duty not to grant the loan. The president had said nothing about it simply because to do so was perfectly needless, for no bank officer would or ought to lend \$1 to a man situated as Curtis was. Her father's precepts and example had indelibly impressed upon her mind the necessity of unwavering fidelity to the bank's interests and that those interests were to be preferred to every other, personal or friendly.

"Then you knew I loved you, and you understood why I didn't."

"Of course I knew it—all the time."

"But I was always afraid. I didn't know—"

"Because you never asked me, goose!" said Mr. Butler.

"Well, it took some time to get back any nearer to Baalbec than the seventh heaven, which is not in that immediate vicinity; but when they did, Harmon never made the least objection to receiving the check, because he was too truly a gentleman to do anything of the kind. Nevertheless, he did insist on giving her his note at six months, which she put in the bank to go to the usual course that she might not hurt his pride, for she was a lady as well. It made little difference, though, for the very next week those western spectators did one good deed, if you will, by giving him a new and rational method, no cutting or heating, and a cure warranted in every case. Every case of Cancer we have taken has been entirely cured. The Institute gives the comforts of a home life, and is most pleasantly situated, with all the facilities of the city.

For permanent address, H. C. ROYER, M. D., Massillon, Ohio, enclosing stamp for ready.

